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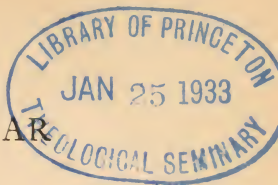


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✓  
O MOTHER DEAR



# JERUSALEM!

THE OLD HYMN,  
*Its Origin and Genealogy.*

EDITED BY ✓

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*Author of "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," "Tent Life in the Holy Land," etc.*

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In Memory  
of  
Thomas S. Trumbull,  
Lieut.-Col. 1st Conn. Artillery,

Who passed from the storm of war to the peace of the  
Celestial City,

March 30th, 1865.

---

Sunt modo praelia, postmodo præmia, qualia? plena,  
Plena resectio, nullaue passio, nullaue poena.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixa,  
Acta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.

And now we fight the battle, and then we wear the crown  
Of full, and everlasting, and passionless renown!

\* \* \* \* \*

And peace, for war is needless—and rest, for storm is past,  
And goal from finished labor, and anchorage at last!

## NOTE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

*The unexpected rapidity with which two Editions of this Book have been exhausted, has induced the publication of a third, with some changes and additions, which it is hoped will make it more acceptable and valuable to lovers of the Old Hymn and its subject. For the translation of part of the Hymn of Bernard de Clugny in the former editions, is substituted a more extended and admirable translation by the same author (Rev. Dr. Neale), recently published by him in England. The portion of the Hymn given in the original consists of selections, which are included in this translation. An excellent translation of the Hymn of Peter Damiani is also added, from "The Voice of Christian Life in Song."*

April, 1865.

W. C. P.

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## *INTRODUCTION.*

THE Old Hymn, to which this little book is devoted, and which is here given as nearly as may be in the form which it bore two hundred years ago, needs no words of praise to commend it. It is a grand poem, and one or another portion of it will reach every heart with its power and beauty. It has been a comfort and joy to very many people, both in this form, and in the numerous variations, abbreviations, and alterations in which it has from time to time appeared among the sacred poems of the Christian world. As in an old church, where successive generations of men and women have prayed awhile and then gone away, it is impossible not to feel that there is an accumulation of sacred associations hallowing the walls ; as in a venerable cathedral, the memory of successive solemn services performed by the feeble voices of the fast vanishing pilgrims of this life makes the place peculiarly holy ; as in

some sacred place, like the little sepulchre at Jerusalem, the remembrance of the knees that have pressed the rock, the lips that have touched the marble tomb, the prayers that have gone up to God from the small chamber, year after year, century after century, age after age, makes the place seem verily like one of the gateways of heaven, even if it were never hallowed by the bodily presence of the rising Redeemer—so, in an old song of the Church like this, there is additional sanctity, with ever increasing force, and beauty, and power, for the memory of the innumerable lips that have sung it here, and have gone to sing other and nobler songs up yonder.

This hymn has grown to be very sacred. It was sung by the martyrs of Scotland in the words we have here. It has rung in triumphant tones through the arches of mighty cathedrals; it has been chaunted by the lips of kings, and queens, and nobles; it has ascended in the still air above the cottage roofs of the poor; it has given utterance to the hopes and expectations of the Christian on every continent, by every sea-shore, in hall and hovel,

until it has become, in one or another of its forms, the possession of the whole Christian world.

And I think that in tracing its history, we may find that of all our sacred poetry, this has a higher lineage, a more ancient, honourable and even holy origin, than any other hymn or song of the Church, which is not a direct paraphrase of the inspired writings.

The future life, the immortal life in distinction from life on earth, has in all ages been a subject of the deepest interest to the thinking man. But it is strange to see how little after all seems to have been known of it, for many thousand years, and how men, even in the land of prophets and priests of God, appeared to look at the grave as the dark passage into uncertainty. The unutterable mournfulness of the death-bed of Jacob consists in the prophecies of future glory to his children, the distribution of power and honour to his twelve strong sons, fathers of twelve nations which were to be lordly lines of kings and priests on earth, and in his then turning himself over to die, and be buried in the cave of Machpelah, with-

out one word of his own dark future. "There," said he, "they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah," but no utterance escaped his lips expressing confidence or thought that he was departing to join his fathers, the mighty patriarchs; no hope of meeting and clasping the hand of her he met and kissed by the well-side in the East country; no exulting triumph in the belief that he was to pass into the presence of Him whose angels he saw at Bethel, with whom he strove and won a princely name and a blessing at Peniel. We cannot doubt that he had such hope. Yet the sacred historian only recorded that he was "gathered unto his people." And "gathered to his fathers" was the doubtful, yet somewhat hoping story told of all the great servants of God for ages after that. Once in a while we hear some such expression of pleasant hope, mingled with doubt and grief, as David uttered over his dead boy, "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;" but, for the most part, the future existence with patriarchs and with the God of Abraham, seems to

have been but very dimly seen, through clouds and gloom, if seen indeed at all. A local habitation for eternity does not appear to have been within the scope of the Jewish theology.

It seems to me certain that the old Egyptians did believe in the resurrection of the dead, and expected to rise from their tombs and inhabit again the land of their birth. They built the grand halls of Karnak, of Medinet Abou, of Esne, of Edfou, and hewed out the solemn chambers of Abou Simbal, with reference to that future day, when they should unroll the spicy bands and step forth from their rock-hewn tombs on the Theban hill-sides. If any of them remain, undisturbed by treasure-seekers of later ages, until the resurrection, the awakening will, perhaps, be not altogether unlike what they expected, though the judge will not be Osiris, nor the book of His judgment the pages of Hermes. And it cannot be forgotten that the mournful direction of Joseph for the preservation and final burial of his bones, was not coupled with any intimation that he should ever need to reclaim his clay, or that from his father's teaching, or his Egyp-

tian lore, he had received any idea of the resurrection or even of immortality.

It is no part of our purpose to discuss how far the Hebrews or the other nations did understand the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead and the immortality of the soul. That it was held, in one or another form, by all who had made any advance in civilization, cannot be doubted. But it seems to have been everywhere regarded as an almost impenetrable mystery, and the visitors, whom the imaginations of the old poets sent to the land of shades, brought back little information of the future state of the dead, and that little enveloped in profound sadness. That some such belief was held by wise men of the Jewish Church cannot be denied, but we seek vainly for the indications of its power on their lives, or its consoling assurances at the moment of death.

The Mohammedans have traditions which they believe to be of very remote origin, and, if we should accept their antiquity, they might be held to prove that in the age of the patriarchs, men believed in a future Paradise

not unlike that described by the Fathers of the Christian Church. But there is no evidence of the ancient origin of these traditions.

One of them is so rich in imagery that I cannot forbear quoting it here, as part of the history of man's belief in the New Jerusalem. I condense it from "An Essay towards the History of Arabia," etc., by Major David Price, London, 1824. Shedaud is supposed, by Mohammedan authorities, to have reigned in the Eastern country before the time of Abraham, and the Prophet Houd has been thought to be identical with Heber :

When, as on frequent occasions he had done with his brother, the prophet warned him with urgent zeal to forsake the absurdities of image worship, and to adore the majesty of the true God, Shedaud demanded to know what it was that he might expect in compensation from the God whom he proclaimed, provided he should be disposed to yield to these importunities. Houd replied that the meed of his obedience would be a paradise of interminable felicity ; but proceeding to enumerate some of the blessings of such a glorious state, the monarch cut

him short by an affirmation, that he would himself undertake to produce, even on earth, such a paradise as that which he was attempting to describe ; and as a proof that he was in earnest, he instantly set about providing the means of accomplishing the object of his impious boast.

In order, however, to the execution of his presumptuous plan, which extended to nothing less than the creation on earth of an abode of bliss and splendour, which was to rival the mansions of eternal glory, Shedaud now dispatched letters to his puissant kinsman, desiring that he would, with all diligence, collect for his use, whether belonging to himself or the officers under his authority, all that was rare and costly in gold and silver, in pearl and precious stones of every colour and price, in musk and camphor, and ambergris, and every species of scarce and fragrant drug. His own subjects were employed, at the same time, to explore the ocean for its exhaustless riches, and in particular for pearl ; while the officers of his government were directed to hasten from all quarters, to aid in the prosecution of the design. From among his vezzeirs, or ministers of state, he next selected sixteen individuals distinguished for taste and

discrimination, whom he sent to make a survey of his dominions ; in order to fix upon that spot which, for amenity of climate and other advantages, might appear best suited for the reception of the fairy abode which he had in contemplation.

After considerable research, the choice of these personages appears to have fallen on some place in the territory of Syria ; where the assembled architects proceeded with the requisite dispatch, and, with bricks of gold and silver alternately disposed, to lay the foundations of this superb structure. Of these costly materials were the walls entirely composed ; the roof being, however, of gold alone, inlaid with precious stones and pearl, and supported on pillars of crystal ; the rubies, sapphire, emeralds, and topaz being so firmly and skillfully inserted in the walls and roofs, and other parts of the structure, as to be immovable by the hand of man. On the banks of an artificial rivulet were also erected münzers, or light pavilions, belvederes perhaps, of gold and silver, surrounded by trees and shrubs of the same precious metals, the fruit and flowers of which were of rubies and pearl ; and on the trees were perched birds of similar metals, the

hollow parts of which were loaded with every species of the richest perfume, so that every breeze that blew came charged with fragrance, conveyed from the bills of these metallic birds. The bed of the rivulet, instead of gravel, was strewed with pearl and rubies; and, instead of the usual herbage, the border was fringed with saffron; the very soil also being composed of musk and ambergris. The principal structure was surmounted, moreover, by twelve thousand battlements, perhaps pinnacles, of gold and silver, so gloriously inlaid with precious stones, as to reflect a lustre too intense for the eyes of the beholder, when blazing with the rays of the sun. And last of all, in order to accommodate the two hundred vezziars who administered the affairs of government under his authority, She-daud, as a suitable enclosure to the principal fabric, caused an equal number of kosheks, *kiosks*, or smaller palaces, also of silver and gold, to be erected on the circumference; so that the treasures of the whole earth, and all that it could produce of beautiful and rare, seem to have been exhausted in the execution of this superb and matchless design.

When, however, intelligence was conveyed to

Shedaud in Hadhramouat, where it appears that he then resided, that the sumptuous work was complete, the monarch immediately arose ; and accompanied by his whole court, consisting of the two hundred ministers already mentioned, a thousand great commanders, and a superb retinue of thirty thousand guards, proceeded on his way to take possession of this splendid abode. But, within one short stage of his object, his attention was suddenly arrested while on the march by the appearance of a stag, the body of which seemed of silver, the haunches of gold, the eyes of rubies, and the feet of marble. In short, it was a creature of such exquisite beauty, that his eyes had never beheld any thing to be compared to it before. Spurring his horse, Shedaud eagerly put himself in pursuit of this beautiful vision, which he followed until he was entirely out of sight of his attendants. At that moment the object of his pursuit suddenly disappeared, and in its stead he observed a personage on horseback approaching to meet him, by whom he was shortly afterwards accosted in the following terms : “ Wretched slave ! in the situation to which thou art brought, on what art thou thinking, or what is it thou art in pursuit

of? By the object on which thy mind is now engaged, or by the labours and speculations of the past, dost thou imagine thyself secured against the stroke of death?" Surprised at such an expostulation, from one whose appearance at this moment bespoke nothing otherwise extraordinary, the monarch demanded who he was, and what he sought for? And his astonishment was not abated when the stranger announced himself as "the Angel of Death!" and more appalling still, that he was come to demand his soul from him. Shedaud now endeavoured to expostulate, and to adjure him to beware of interfering with his life, at least before he had cast one anxious look on the splendid fabric which had been raised at the expense of such prodigious treasures. The stranger informed him, however, that there was not a moment to spare, and desiring him to cast his eyes behind him, he no sooner complied than the dread messenger presented himself to his view, arrayed in all the terrors of his character. Shedaud, as if stricken by a thunderbolt, dropped from his horse in a swoon, and instantly expired; and his whole retinue reaching the spot shortly afterwards, a fearful sound was heard from

heaven, at which the very life-spark within their bodies was at once extinguished for ever; and, of all this host, not an individual escaped to feast his eyes on the golden paradise, erected, in the presumption of human vanity, for his wonder and admiration.

To sum up the marvellous of this fanciful tradition, we shall venture to relate further, from the Rouzut-us-suffâ, that when, through some channel or other, the Angel of Death was asked whether, in the discharge of his inexorable commission towards the souls of men, no instance had ever occurred in which some feeling of compassion had been excited towards the miserable victims of his power; he is reported to have said, that in two instances only his compassion had been so awakened: once towards an infant born at sea, and the bark in which it had seen the light perished in a storm at the moment of its birth, leaving the helpless innocent on a bare plank to struggle for existence with the winds and waves. The other instance was, when, in the midst of his thoughtless career, and at the moment when almost in view of the glorious fabric which he had erected at the expense of so much time and treasure, he was em-

ployed to fulfill the mandate of Omnipotence against the unhappy Shedaud, and to cut him off without a single glance of the eye at the object of his pride and ambition. Azrâeil had thus spoken, when a voice from heaven was heard to declare, that the same infant whom he had seen perishing on a plank amidst the billows of the storm, was no other than Shedaud himself; whom, after having rescued from the perils of the ocean, a gracious providence had successively elevated to wealth and splendour, and to a degree of power far beyond his coëvals. Nevertheless, forgetting the hand from which he had received these transcendent blessings, he became a rebel towards his Maker; and hence, in punishment of his audacious impiety and arrogance, he was overtaken, in the end, by the just judgment of God.

It is impossible to place confidence in the great antiquity of this tradition. On the contrary, it seems to bear unmistakable evidence of a late origin, and even of indebtedness to Christian writings for much of its scenery. I cannot place its production at a much earlier period than that of Mohammed himself, and the

freedom with which he used the sacred writings may fully account for this, and other legends of Islam.

We are left to marvel at the silence of Holy Writ and the darkness in which the chosen people of God rested for so many centuries, on this subject of profoundest interest to man. It is no part of my object now to discuss how much they did know of it. We know that they differed about the resurrection of the dead, and doubtless some of those who believed in the resurrection believed also in some sort of local habitation for the immortals, while others held Pantheistic ideas. But the sacred books were almost silent on the subject.

The coming of Christ brought "life and immortality to light." Now the Sacred Scriptures begin to abound in promises of the future glory reserved for His servants. The pages of the Gospels are full of them. The eyes of the disciples were however not fully opened. Leading them with Him, pouring out the treasures of Divine wisdom on their ever astonished minds, He contented himself and them with such simple statements as, "In my Father's house are

many mansions," and the sublime promise, "I go to prepare a place for you." Still they did not seem to appreciate the inheritance He promised them. It was therefore with dim eyes that they looked up from the Mount of Olives to the cloud that had received Him departing, understanding but little more than did Abraham on Moriah of old, or David on Zion, where could be the place of His abode, or the home to which He had bidden them. But He had promised a Spirit to "teach them all things," and bring to their remembrance all that He had said to them. It was under the guidance of that Spirit that the Apostles published in all parts of the world the assurances of everlasting life, and that life in the New Jerusalem, the city of God. The vision of immortality burst on their eyes with a radiance which could scarcely be comprehended ; and it is somewhat remarkable that none of the Apostles, not even Paul himself, seemed to reach that perfect realization of the glory of the future world which the Spirit gave to the beloved disciple, John, who lingering last of all the twelve, exiled on Patmos, waiting and praying for the coming of

his Lord, beheld with clear vision the ineffable glory of the New Jerusalem.

The origin of the hymn which is here published is of course in the Apocalypse. This needs no elucidation. Many of its very words and phrases may be traced directly to that source.

It would seem as if the Fathers of the Church received from John the spirit of rejoicing when they looked to the future life. They preached and wrote in the most exulting manner, celebrating the glories of the New City. The whole character of religious writing, preaching, and teaching, felt the change and gave evidence of the new inspiration. One and another broke forth into strains of rapturous description of its beauty and majesty. Augustine, more, perhaps than any other, seems to have been filled with a holy fire when he spoke of eternal glory and blessedness.

There is in all his works more or less of the evidence that his eyes were constantly fixed on the glories of the Celestial City, and the unaffected but impassioned style in which he expressed his longings for the joys it contains,

seems to have given to our hymn some of its most eloquent passages.

Thus he wrote :

O civitas sancta, civitas speciosa, de longinquo te saluto, ad te clamo, te requiro. Desidero enim videre te et requiescere in te, sed non sinor, carne retentus.

The reader will not fail to note in the hymn of Hildebert in the Appendix the reproduction of some of these words of Augustine :

Urbs in portu satis tuto  
De longinquo te saluto,  
Te saluto, te suspiro,  
Te affecto, te requiro.

And in the hymn of Bernard de Clugny, also in the Appendix, will be found indications of his familiarity with, and inspiration drawn from the African Father. As thus :

Urbs Sion inclyta turris et edita littore tuto,  
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto.

Very many instances of this kind might be given, showing the genealogy of our hymn, for

the same inspiration breathes through its lines, inherited through many generations of sacred poems from the Fathers and the Apocalypse of John. A favourite method with Augustine of exalting the glory, and peace, and beauty, of the New Jerusalem was by a series of strong phrases and comparisons, or contrasts, which are also characteristic of some portions of our hymn. One or two examples will suffice :

Absolomis formositas esset in eterna gloria deformitas. Asaelis agilitas esset ibi pigra tarditas. Samsonis fortitudo foret ibi debilitatis invaliditudo. Moysi sanitas ibi esset infirmitas. Augusti Cæsaris libertas esset in gloria captivitas. Assueri regis deliciæ essent ibi miseriæ. Salomonis sapientia ibi esset insipientia. David et Jonathan amicitia ibi essent inimicitia. Alexandri magni ampla pompæ potentia ibi esset angusta custodia. Joseph in Egipto honoris et gloriæ sublimitas esset ibi dedecus et vilitas. Enoch et Helye vitæ securitas esset ibi timoris anxietas.

And again :

O vita vitalis, dulcis et amabilis, et semper me

moralis! Ubi non est hostis impugnans, ubi  
\* \* \* \* summa et certa securitas, et segura  
tranquilitas, et tranquilla jocunditas, et jocunda  
felicitas, et felix eternitas, et eterna beatudo!

Gregory affords us other examples of the eloquent style in which many of the Fathers gave utterance to the highest hopes and most exalted anticipations, by the use of forcible repetitions and alliterations. Thus he said :

Gloria quæ nobis promittitur multa est, magna est, preciosa est, diuturna est; tam multa est que non potest numerari; tam magna est que non potest apprehendi; tam preciosa est que non potest estimari; tam diuturna est que non potest finiri.

And again, in a passage which is evidently the forerunner, if not the original, of some of the words of our hymn :

Ibi erit pax sine discordia, voluntas sine injuria, justitia sine mandato, juvenus sine senectute, decor sine deformitate, vita sine morte, letitia sine conturbatione. Ibi carmina non desunt, præmia non deficiunt, amici non moriun-

tur; ibi quicquid amabitur aderit: nec desiderabitur quod non decuerit.

The indebtedness of our hymn of the New Jerusalem to Gregory is probably greater and more immediate than to any other of the Fathers. While brief extracts, thoughts, and expressions seem to have been gathered from time to time out of different sources and brought together in this old song, we find almost literal translations from Gregory, leaving no doubt of the direct transfer of passages. In the twentieth and twenty-first stanzas of the hymn, we find a condensed translation of the following passage in one of the Homilies of Gregory:

Ibi angelorum chori, ibi societas supernorum civium, ibi dulcis solemnitas a peregrinationis hujus tristi labore redeuntium: ibi providi prophetarum chori: ibi index apostolorum numerus: ibi innumerabilium martyrium victor exercitus, tanto illic letior quanto durior hic afflictus: ibi confessorum sciorum constantia præmii sui perceptione consolata: ibi fideles viri quos a virilitate suo robore voluptas seculi non potuit emollire: ibi sanctæ mulieres quæ cum seculo etiam

sexum vicerunt; ibi pueri sui qui hic annos suos moribus suis transcenderunt; ibi senes quos hic ætas debiles reddidit, et tamen virtus opis non reliquit.

These extracts must suffice for our purpose to show the ancestry of our hymn. We might go further and trace the genealogy, word by word and line by line, of a very large portion of it, through writers in successive centuries and ages of the Church. But rather than weary the reader with such a work, we have preferred to reproduce in this little volume some of the mediæval hymns in which the family blood and spirit may be found. The hymn of Hildebert, and the great song of Bernard, the monk of Clugny, are among the most notable of these; but while we present the former entire, we have selected only a few lines as specimens of the three thousand which Bernard wrote *On the Contempt of the World*. In every age the voice of the Christian Church has found its sublimest utterances in aspirations like these. As the Latin was the language of all the Church during many

centuries, it is not remarkable that the number of Latin hymns of this kind should be large. There are, in fact, many hundred specially referring to this subject, out of many thousand which remain to us from the piety of the Middle Ages. A mere glance at the hymns of Hildebert, of Bernard, and of Peter Damian, will show to the reader the source from which many portions of our hymn have been transferred to the English.

It can hardly be disputed that the hymn, "Oh Mother Dear, Jerusalem," is entitled to that high position, from its lineage and origin, which we have assigned to it, and that no other hymn or poem in the language, except direct paraphrases of inspired writings, can show such noble origin, or a gathering together in one line of so much ancestral glory.

There has been no little discussion and difference of opinion as to the origin of the hymn in our own language. In this, however, we are spared the labour of investigation, since its history has already been compiled with great care and ability by another and more able hand.

I was riding one morning, not many years

ago, over the hills on the north of Jerusalem, in company with several friends, and as our horses picked their dangerous way in single file up to the rocky crest of a mountain ridge, I broke out in loud voice chaunting the words of this old hymn. Immediately behind me rode a gentleman widely known and loved in the Christian world, Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., the pastor at Kelso in Scotland, an accomplished scholar, and a poet especially fond of views, distant, but always clear and joyous, of the New Jerusalem. Hearing my song, he at once rode up, and in the conversation which ensued, gave us a store of interesting information about it, and at length it appeared that he had written and printed a monograph on the subject. This little book, almost unknown to the American reader, but which ought to be everywhere read, was published in Edinburgh in 1852, and contains a valuable and thorough history of our hymn, with parallel hymns, and much learned and appreciative comment by Dr. Bonar. I may be pardoned for these personal allusions to our meeting, when I add that the volume now presented to the public was

prepared only as a private memorial of that pleasant morning in Palestine, and was not intended for publication until the demand for it, outside of the immediate circle for whom it was designed, seemed to indicate that it would be acceptable to other readers, and would do some good. If Dr. Bonar's book were accessible to American readers, I should have been very far from attempting this edition.

The authorship of the hymn in English has been commonly attributed to David Dickson, a Scotch clergyman of the Seventeenth Century. A careful examination of the authorities, as well those cited by Dr. Bonar as others, leads to the conviction that we are indebted to Dickson for the present form of the hymn, and probably for a considerable portion of the verses. It seems not unlikely that the translation from Gregory, to which we have directed attention, was his work. But portions of the hymn had earlier existence in our language. Dr. Bonar found a manuscript volume in the British Museum containing a portion of the hymn, under the title, "A Song, by F. B. P., to the Tune of Diana;" and from his examination it

is manifest that this song (which will be found in the Appendix) is of earlier origin than the time of Dickson, who was born about A. D. 1583, and died in A. D. 1662. It seems probable, on a critical examination of the hymn, that it has received contributions from various hands, additions, which are mostly translations from the Fathers or from mediæval Latin hymns, having been made by one and another author. So entirely diverse is the style of different stanzas that this theory alone can explain it, and it is possible that David Dickson only put into shape and polished a little the work of his devout predecessors. This, however, is certain, that to the noble Church of Scotland we owe this hymn in its present state. Like very much more of our devotional poetry, it has come from the land of martyrs and faithful men, bearing the evidence of its passage through that country in many quaint and not ineloquent words and phrases. In the present edition, we have followed quite closely Dr. Bonar's copy, which he reprinted from an old broadside, but in some instances we have corrected the readings from other ancient copies, where such

changes seemed manifestly proper. The versions which exist are so many, that a volume would not contain them. We have, however, given a few of these in the Appendix, by way of exhibiting the use to which the hymn has been put in the modern Churches.

Its words, in one or another form, have been the burden of many exultant voices in many ages, ages in which men have experienced in flood and flame the truth of the words of Leo, "*Non cantilemis et gaudiis, sed suspiriis et lachrymis ad veram beatudinem pervenitur.*" The dim vision of the Hebrew prophet of old changed to the rapt glory of John's inspired sight; and after that the faith of the Church, for age after age, found utterance in these words of hope. The noblest of our sacred songs in its origin, its genealogy, and its subject, it will undoubtedly continue to be dear to the lips of those who are "returning from the sad labour of this pilgrimage," so long as the pilgrimage continues, and no one of them will hear any thing to surpass it until he shall hear David, and Mary, and Ambrose sing the new song in the New City.



# THE NEW JERUSALEM;

OR,

THE SOUL'S BREATHING AFTER HER HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

"Since Christ's fair truth needs no man's art,  
Take this rude song in better part."

## I.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!

When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sorrows have an end—

Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!

O sweet and pleasant soil!

In thee no sorrows can be found,

No grief, no care, no toil.

## II.

In thee no sickness is at all,

No hurt nor any sore;

There is no death nor ugly sight,

But life for evermore.

No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,

No cloud nor darksome night;

But every soul shines as the sun,

For God himself gives light.

## III.

There lust nor lucre cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway ;  
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,  
But pleasure every way.  
Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !  
Would God I were in thee !  
Oh that my sorrows had an end,  
Thy joys that I might see !

## IV.

No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,  
No woful wight is there ;  
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard—  
No well-away, no fear.  
Jerusalem the city is  
Of God our King alone ;  
The Lamb of God the light thereof  
Sits there upon His throne.

## V.

Ah God ! that I Jerusalem  
With speed may go behold !  
For why ? the pleasures there abound  
With tongue cannot be told.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles,  
With carbuncles do shine,  
With jasper, pearl, and chrysolite,  
Surpassing pure and fine.

## VI.

Thy houses are of ivory,  
Thy windows crystal clear,  
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold—  
There angels do appear.  
Thy walls are made of precious stones,  
Thy bulwarks diamond square,  
Thy gates are made of Orient pearl—  
O God, if I were there !

## VII.

Within thy gates no thing can come  
That is not passing clean ;  
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,  
No filth may there be seen.  
Jehovah, Lord, now come away,  
And end my grief and plaints ;  
Take me to Thy Jerusalem,  
And place me with Thy saints,

## VIII.

Who there are crowned with glory great,  
And see God face to face ;  
They triumph still and aye rejoice—  
Most happy is their case.  
But we that are in banishment,  
Continually do moan ;  
We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep—  
Perpetually we groan.

## IX.

Our sweetness mixed is with gall,  
Our pleasure is but pain,  
Our joys not worth the looking on—  
Our sorrows aye remain.  
But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
That unto them a thousand years  
Seem but as yesterday.

## X.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !  
Thy joys when shall I see ?  
Thy King sitting upon His throne,  
And thy felicity ?

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are  
So wonderful and fair,  
And furnished with trees and fruit,  
Most beautiful and rare.

## XI.

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks,  
Continually are green ;  
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,  
As no where else are seen.  
There cinnamon and sugar grow,  
There nard and balm abound ;  
No tongue can tell, no heart can think,  
The pleasures there are found.

## XII.

There nectar and ambrosie spring—  
There musk and civet sweet ;  
There many a fair and dainty drug  
Are trod down under feet.  
Quite through the streets, with pleasant sound,  
The flood of life doth flow ;  
Upon the banks, on every side,  
The trees of life do grow.

## XIII.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit—  
For evermore they spring ;  
And all the nations of the world  
To thee their honours bring.  
Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place,  
Full sore I long to see ;  
Oh that my sorrows had an end,  
That I might dwell in thee !

## XIV.

There David stands, with harp in hand,  
As master of the queir ;  
A thousand times that man were blessed  
That might his music hear.  
There Mary sings *Magnificat*,  
With tunes surpassing sweet ;  
And all the virgins bear their part,  
Singing about her feet.

## XV.

*Te Deum* doth St. Ambrose sing,  
St. Austin doth the like ;  
Old Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,  
And cheerfully doth sing,  
With all blest saints whose harmony  
Through every street doth ring.

## XVI.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !  
Thy joys fain would I see ;  
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,  
And take me home to Thee !  
Oh print Thy name in my forehead,  
And take me hence away,  
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,  
And sing Thy praises aye !

## XVII.

Jerusalem, thrice happy seat !  
Jehovah's throne on high !  
O sacred city, queen, and wife  
Of Christ eternally !  
O comely queen, with glory clad,  
With honour and degree,  
All fair thou art, exceeding bright—  
No spot there is in thee.

## XVIII.

I long to see Jerusalem,  
The comfort of us all ;  
For thou art fair and beautiful—  
None ill can thee befall.  
In thee, Jerusalem, I say,  
No darkness dare appear ;  
No night, no shade, no winter foul—  
No time doth alter there.

## XIX.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,  
No glittering stars to light ;  
For Christ, the King of Righteousness,  
There ever shineth bright.  
The Lamb unspotted, white and pure,  
To thee doth stand in lieu  
Of light—so great the glory is  
Thine heavenly King to view.

## XX.

He is the King of kings, beset  
In midst His servants' sight ;  
And they, His happy household all  
Do serve Him day and night.

There, there the queir of angels sing ;  
There the supernal sort  
Of citizens, which hence are rid  
From dangers deep, do sport.

## XXI.

There be the prudent prophets all,  
The apostles six and six,  
The glorious martyrs in a row,  
And confessors betwixt.  
There doth the crew of righteous men  
And matrons all consist ;  
Young men and maids that here on earth  
Their pleasures did resist.

## XXII.

The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scaped  
The snares of death and hell,  
Triumph in joy eternally,  
Whereof no tongue can tell ;  
And though the glory of each one  
Doth differ in degree,  
Yet is the joy of all alike  
And common, as we see.

## XXIII.

There love and charity do reign,  
And Christ is all in all,  
Whom they most perfectly behold  
In joy celestial.  
They love, they praise—they praise, they love ;  
They “ holy, holy,” cry ;  
They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,  
But laud continually.

## XXIV.

Oh happy thousand times were I,  
If, after wretched days,  
I might with listening ears conceive  
Those heavenly songs of praise,  
Which to the eternal King are sung  
By happy wights above—  
By savèd souls and angels sweet,  
Who love the God of Love !

## XXV.

Oh passing happy were my state,  
Might I be worthy found  
To wait upon my God and King,  
His praises there to sound ;

And to enjoy my Christ above,  
His favour and His grace,  
According to His promise made,  
Which here I interlace.

## XXVI.

“ O Father dear,” quoth He, “ let them  
Which Thou hast put of old  
To me, be there where, lo, I am,  
Thy glory to behold ;  
Which I with Thee before the world  
Was made, in perfect wise,  
Have had ; from whence the fountain great  
Of glory doth arise.”

## XXVII.

Again : “ If any man will serve  
Then let him follow me ;  
For where I am, be thou, right sure,  
There shall my servant be.”  
And still : “ If any man love me,  
Him loves my Father dear ;  
Whom I do love, to him myself  
In glory will appear.”

## XXVIII.

Lord, take away my misery,  
That there I may behold  
With Thee in Thy Jerusalem,  
What here cannot be told.  
And so in Zion see my King,  
My Love, my Lord, my All;  
Whom now as in a glass I see,  
There face to face I shall.

## XXIX.

Oh ! blessed are the pure in heart,  
Their Sovereign they shall see;  
And the most holy heavenly host,  
Who of His household be !  
O Lord, with speed dissolve my bands,  
These gins and fetters strong ;  
For I have dwelt within the tents  
Of Kedar overlong !

## XXX.

Yet search me, Lord, and find me out,  
Fetch me Thy fold unto,  
That all Thy angels may rejoice,  
While all Thy will I do.

O mother dear, Jerusalem !

When shall I come to thee ?

When shall my sorrows have an end—

Thy joys when shall I see ?

XXXI.

Yet once again I pray Thee, Lord,

To quit me from all strife,

That to thine hill I may attain,

And dwell there all my life,

With cherubims and seraphims

And holy souls of men,

To sing Thy praise, O God of Hosts !

For ever, and Amen !



## APPENDIX.



# APPENDIX.

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## I.

### HYMN OF HILDEBERT.

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#### ORATIO DEVOTISSIMA

AD TRES PERSONAS SANCTISSIMÆ TRINITATIS.

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[HILDEBERT WAS BISHOP OF MANS AND ARCHBISHOP OF TOULOUSE  
IN THE EARLY PART OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.]

#### AD PATREM.

ALPHA et  $\Omega$ , magne Deus !  
Eli ! Eli ! Deus meus,—  
Cujus virtus, totum posse ;  
Cujus sensus, totum nosse ;  
Cujus esse, summum bonum ;  
Cujus opus, quicquid bonum.  
Super cuncta, subter cuncta ;  
Extra cuncta, intra cuncta.  
Intra cuncta, nec inclusus ;  
Extra cuncta, nec exclusus ;  
Super cuncta, nec elatus ,  
Subter cuncta, nec substratus.  
Super totus, præsidendo ;  
Subter totus, sustinendo ;

Extra totus, complectendo ;  
Intra totus es implendo.

Intra, nunquam coarctaris ;  
Extra, nunquam dilataris ;  
Super, nullo sustentaris ;  
Subter, nullo fatigaris.

Mundum movens, non moveris ;  
Locum tenens, non teneris ;  
Tempus mutans, non mutaris ;  
Vaga firmans, non vagaris.  
Vis externa, vel necesse,  
Non alternat tuum esse.

Heri nostrum, cras et pridem,  
Semper tibi nunc et idem.  
Tuum, Deus, hodiernum  
Indivisum, sempiternum ;  
In hoc, totum prævidisti,  
Totum simul perfecisti  
Ad exemplar summæ mentis,  
Formam præstans elementis.

#### AD FILIUM.

NATE, Patri coæqualis,  
Patri consubstantialis,  
Patris splendor, et figura,  
Factor factus creatura,  
Carnem nostram induisti,  
Causam nostram suscepisti.

Sempiternus, temporalis ;  
Moriturus, immortalis ;  
Verus homo, verus Deus ;  
Impermixtus Homo-Deus.  
Non conversus hic in carnem,  
Nec minutus propter carnem ;  
Hic assumptus est in Deum,  
Nec consumptus propter Deum ;  
Patri compar deitate,  
Minor carnis veritate.  
Deus pater tantum Dei,  
Virgo mater est, sed Dei.

In tam novâ ligaturâ  
Sic utraque stat natura,  
Ut conservet quicquid erat,  
Facta quiddam quod non erat.

Noster iste Mediator,  
Iste noster legis dator ;  
Circumcisis, baptizatus,  
Crucifixus, tumulatus,  
Obdormivit, et descendit,  
Resurrexit, et ascendit ;  
Sic ad cœlos elevatus,  
Judicabit judicatus.

## AD SPIRITUM.

PARACLETUS, increatus,  
Neque factus, neque natus,

Patri consors genitoque,  
Si procedit ab utroque,  
Ne sit minor potestate,  
Nec discretus qualitate.  
Quanti illi, tantus iste ;  
Quales illi, talis iste ;  
Ex quo illi, tanto iste ;  
Semper illi, semper iste.

Pater alter, sed gignendo ;  
Natus alter, sed nascendo ;  
Flamen, ab his procedendo ;  
Tres sunt unum, subsistendo.  
Quisque trium plenus Deus ;  
Non tres tamen dii, sed Deus  
In hoc Deo, Deo vero,  
Tres et unum assevero ;  
Dans usiæ [*ουσία*] unitatem,  
Et personis trinitatem.

In personis, nulla prior,  
Nulla major, nulla minor ;  
Unaquæque semper ipsa,  
Sic est constans atque fixa,  
Ut nec in se varietur,  
Nec in ullam transmutetur.

Hæc est fides orthodoxa,  
Non hic error sine noxâ,  
Sicut dico, sic et credo,  
Nec in pravam partem cedo :

Inde venit, bone Deus,  
Ne desperem, quamvis reus,  
Reus mortis, non despero,  
Sed in morte vitam quæro.  
Quo te placem, nil prætendo  
Nisi fidem quam ostendo.  
Fidem vides,—hac imploro,  
Leva fascem quo laboro ;  
Për hoc sacrum cataplasma  
Convalescat ægrum plasma.

Extra portam jam delatum,  
Jam fœtentem, tumultum,  
Vitta ligat, lapis urget ;  
Sed si jubes, hic resurget.  
Jube ! lapis revolvetur,  
Jube ! vitta dirumpetur ;—  
Exiturus nescit moras,  
Postquam clamas “ Exi foras !

In hoc salo, mea ratis  
Infestatur a piratis :  
Hinc assultus, inde fluctus ;  
Hinc et inde, mors et luctus ;  
Sed tu, bone nauta, veni ;  
Preme ventos, mare leni ;  
Fac abscedant hi piratæ,  
Duc ad portum, salvâ rate.

Infœcunda mea ficus ;  
Cujus ramus, ramus siccus,

Incidetur, incendetur,  
Si promulgas quod meretur.  
Sed hoc anno dimittatur,  
Stercoretur, fodiatur ;  
Quod si necdum respondebit,—  
Flens hoc loquor,—tunc ardebit.

Vetus hostis in me furit,  
Aquis mersat, flammis urit ;  
Inde languens, et afflictus,  
Tibi soli sum relictus.

Ut infirmus convalescat,  
Ut hic hostis evanescat,  
Tu virtutem jejunandi,  
Des infirmo, des orandi ;  
Per hæc duo, Christo teste,  
Liberabor ab hac peste.

Ab hac peste solve mentem,  
Fac devotum, pœnitentem ;  
Da timorem, quo projecto,  
De salute nil conjecto ;  
Da fidem, spem, caritatem ;  
Da discretam pietatem ;  
Da contemptum terrenorum,  
Appetitum supernorum.

Totum, Deus, in te spero,  
Deus, ex te totum quæro ;—  
Tu laus mea, meum bonum ;  
Mea cuncta tuum donum.

Tu solamen in labore ;  
Medicamen in languore ;  
Tu in luctu mea lyra,  
Tu lenimen es in irâ ;  
Tu in arcto liberator ;  
Tu in lapsu relevator :  
Metum præstas in provectu ;  
Spem conservas in defectu ;  
Si quis lædit, tu rependis ;  
Si minatur tu defendis ;  
Quod est anceps, tu dissolvis ;  
Quod tegendum, tu involvis.

Tu intrare me non sinas  
Infernales officinas,  
Ubi mæror, ubi metus ;  
Ubi fætor, ubi fletus ;  
Ubi probra deteguntur,  
Ubi rei confunduntur,  
Ubi tortor semper cædens,  
Ubi vermis semper edens ;—  
Ubi totum hoc perenne,  
Quia perpes mors gehennæ.

Me receptet Sion illa,  
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
Cujus faber, auctor lucis ;  
Cujus portæ, lignum crucis  
Cujus claves, lingua Petri ;  
Cujus cives, semper læti ;

Cujus muri, lapis vivus ;  
Cujos custos, Rex festivus.

In hac urbe, lux solemnis ;  
Ver æternum, pax perennis ;  
In hac, odor implens cælos,  
In hac, semper festum melos.  
Non est ibi corruptela,  
Non defectus, non querela,  
Non minuti, non deformes,—  
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.

Urbs cœlestis ! urbs beata !  
Super petram collocata ;—  
Urbs in portu satis tuto,  
De longinquo, te saluto ;—  
Te saluto, te suspiro,  
Te affecto, te requiro.  
Quantum tui gratulentur,  
Quam festive conviventur ;  
Quis affectus eos stringat,  
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,  
Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus,—  
Norunt illi qui sunt intus.

In plateis hujus urbis,  
Sociatus piis turbis,  
Cum Moyse et Elijâ  
Pium cantem Halleluia !

## II.

## LAUS PATRIAE COELESTIS.

[AN EXTRACT FROM THE HYMN OF BERNARD DE CLUGNY, ON THE  
CONTEMPT OF THIS WORLD—TWELFTH CENTURY.]

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve  
fletur ;

Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur ;

O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;

O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis ;

Quid datur et quibus ? æther egentibus et cruce  
dignis,

Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus, astra malignis.

Sunt modò prœlia, postmodò præmia ; qualia ? plena,

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna .

Spe modò vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone ;

Nunc tribulatio ; tunc recreatio, sceptræ, coronæ ,

Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,

Solvēt enigmata, veraque sabbata continuabit.

Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus ibit Hebraeus ;

Liber habebitur et celebrabitur hinc jubilæus.

Patria luminis, in scia turbinis, in scia litis,

Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israëlitis ;

Patria splendida, terraque florida, libera spinis,

Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.

Tunc erit omnibus insipientibus ora Tonantis  
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis ;  
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixâ,  
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.  
Pars mea Rex meus, in proprio Deus ipse decore  
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.  
Tunc Jacob Israël, et Lia tunc Rachel efficietur,  
Tunc Syon atria pulcraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur,  
Ad tua nomina lumina sobria collacrymantur ;  
Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,  
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.  
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus,  
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima guadia, risus.  
Est ibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo ;  
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo :  
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus ;  
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque Christus.  
Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons modò rivus,  
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi lapis undique vivus.  
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,  
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora :  
Candida lilia, viva monilia sunt tibi, Sponsa,  
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa :  
Tota negocia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,  
Tam mala debita, quàm bona præbita conjubilare.

Urbs Syon aurea, patrea lactea, cive decora,  
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.  
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,  
Quàm socialia gaudia, gloria quàm specialis :  
Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit :  
O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.  
Sunt Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,  
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena :  
Est ibi pascua, mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis,  
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.  
Gens duce splendida, concio candida vestibus albis  
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;  
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite  
In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlitæ.  
Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,  
Tu bona visibus interioribus intima pandis :  
Intima lumina, mentis acumina te speculantur,  
Pectora flammea spe modò, postea sorte lucrantur.  
Urbs Syon unica, mansio mystica, condita cælo,  
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelio :  
Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro,  
Sed caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro  
Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,  
Quo tua mænia, quo capitalia plena decore ;  
Opprimat omne cor ille tuus decor, o Syon, o pax,  
Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi mendax  
O sine luxibus, o sine luctibus, o sine lite  
Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vitæ !

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littorē tuto,  
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto ;  
Nec meritis peto, nam meritis meto morte perire,  
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ ;  
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea, mortua vita,  
Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.  
Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque fideque,  
Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque.  
Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit ;  
In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, à lue lavit.  
Gratia cœlica sustinet unica totius orbis,  
Parcere sordibus, interioribus unctio morbis ;  
Diluit omnia cœlica gratia, fons David undans  
Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans ;  
O pia gratia, celsa palatia cernere præsta,  
Ut videam bona, festaque consona, cœlica festa.  
O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarius auro,  
Agmine splendida, stans duce, florida perpete lauro,  
O bona patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo ?  
O bona patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo ?  
Dic mihi, flagito, verbaque reddito, dicque, videbis.  
Spem solidam gero ; remne tenens ero ? dic, Retinebis  
O sacer, o pius, o ter et amplius ille beatus,  
Cui sua pars Deus, O miser, o reus hâc viduatus.

## III.

## THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY.

[A TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE HYMN OF BERNARD DE CLUGNY  
BY REV. J. M. NEALE, D. D., WARDEN OF SACKVILLE COLLEGE.]

THE world is very evil ;  
The times are waxing late :  
Be sober and keep vigil ;  
The Judge is at the gate :  
The Judge That comes in mercy,  
The Judge That comes with might,  
To terminate the evil,  
To diadem the right.  
When the just and gentle Monarch  
Shall summon from the tomb,  
Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
For Man, the God, shall doom.  
Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed ;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead.

To the light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.  
And when the Sole-Begotten  
Shall render up once more  
The kingdom to the FATHER  
Whose own it was before,—  
Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee ;  
And the sunlit Land that recks not  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite :  
The Home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children,  
Who here as exiles mourn.  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall glad the Saints around :

The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolatè, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.  
Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace—but who may claim it ?  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say :  
The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be for the earth :  
The palace that re-echoes  
With festal song and mirth ;  
The garden, breathing spices,  
The paradise on high ;  
Grace beautified to glory,  
Unceasing minstrelsy.  
There nothing can be feeble,  
There none can ever mourn,  
There nothing is divided,  
There nothing can be torn :  
'T is fury, ill, and scandal,  
'T is peaceless peace below ;  
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,  
The halls of Syon know :

O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest ;  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distress !  
Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight :  
Till JESUS gives the portion  
Those blessed souls to fill,  
The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
The full, yet craving still.  
That fulness and that craving  
Alike are free from pain,  
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
A home like theirs shalt gain.  
Here is the warlike trumpet ;  
There, life set free from sin ;  
When to the last Great Supper  
The faithful shall come in :  
When the heavenly net is laden,  
With fishes many and great ;  
So glorious in its fulness,  
Yet so inviolate :  
And the perfect from the shattered,  
And the fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
Shall part on either hand :

And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall triumph, then ;  
The new peculiar nation,  
Blest number of blest men.  
Jerusalem demands them :  
They paid the price on earth,  
And now shall reap the harvest  
In blissfulness and mirth :  
The glorious holy people,  
Who evermore relied  
Upon their Chief and Father,  
The King, the Crucified .  
The sacred ransomed number  
Now bright with endless sheen,  
Who made the Cross their watchword  
Of JESUS Nazarene :  
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,  
Where soul-like odours play,  
Draw out the endless leisure  
Of that long vernal day :  
And through the sacred lilies,  
And flowers on every side,  
The happy dear-bought people  
Go wandering far and wide.  
Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
Their mouths are tun'd to praise,  
What time, now safe for ever,  
On former sins they gaze :

The fouler was the error,  
The sadder was the fall,  
The ampler are the praises  
Of Him Who pardoned all.  
Their one and only anthem,  
The fulness of His love,  
Who gives instead of torment,  
Eternal joys above :  
Instead of torment, glory ;  
Instead of death, that life  
Wherewith your happy Country,  
True Israelites ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is *there*.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !  
That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace ;

For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place :  
And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground :  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin-souls abound.  
There grief is turned to pleasure ;  
Such pleasure, as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know :  
And after fleshly scandal,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.  
And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown :  
And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope :  
But He Whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.  
The miserable pleasures  
Of the body shall decay :

The bland and flattering struggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away :  
And none shall there be jealous ;  
And none shall there contend :  
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I ?  
All ill, all ill shall end !  
And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow :  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,  
The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

There JESUS shall embrace us,  
There JESUS be embraced,—  
That spirit's food and sunshine  
Whence earthly love is chased.  
Amidst the happy chorus,  
A place, however low,  
Shall shew Him us, and shewing,  
Shall satiate evermo.  
By hope we struggle onward,  
While here we must be fed  
By milk, as tender infants,  
But there by Living Bread.

The night was full of terror,  
The morn is bright with gladness :  
The Cross becomes our harbour,  
And we triumph after sadness :  
And JESUS to His true ones  
Brings trophies fair to see :  
And JESUS shall be loved, and  
Beheld in Galilee :  
Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day :  
And every ear shall hear it ;—  
Behold thy King's array :  
Behold thy GOD in beauty,  
The Law hath past away !  
Yes ! GOD my King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rachel  
For ever shall be changed :  
Then all the halls of Syon  
For aye shall be complete,  
And, in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !  
    Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
    Thy happy name, they weep :  
The mention of thy glory  
    Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
    And love, and life, and rest.  
O one, O onely Mansion !  
    O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
    And smiles have no alloy ;  
Beside thy living waters  
    All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
    The hyssop of the wall :  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;  
    Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
The sardius and the topaz  
    Unite in thee their rays :  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
    With amethyst unpriced :  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
    And the corner stone is CHRIST.  
The Cross is all thy splendour,  
    The Crucified thy praise :  
His laud and benediction  
    Thy ransomed people raise :

JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,  
True God and Man, they sing :  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring :  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of his Court :  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
They raise thy holy tower :  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower :  
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile ;  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl thine own ;  
The LAMB is ever near thee,  
The Bridegroom thine alone ;  
The Crown is He to guerdon,  
The Buckler to protect,  
And He Himself the Mansion  
And He the Architect.

The only art thou needest,  
    Thanksgiving for thy lot :  
The only joy thou seekest,  
    The Life where Death is not :  
And all thine endless leisure  
    In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit,—  
    The wealth that is thy King's !

Jerusalem the golden,  
    With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
    Sink heart and voice oppressed :  
I know not, O I know not,  
    What social joys are there ;  
What radiancy of glory,  
    What light beyond compare !  
And when I fain would sing them,  
    My spirit fails and faints ;  
And vainly would it image  
    The assembly of the Saints.  
They stand, those halls of Syon,  
    Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
    And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them ;  
    The daylight is serene ;

The pastures of the Blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.  
There is the Throne of David,—  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast ;  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white !

O holy, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn !  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of Seraphim !  
O thirst, for ever ardent,  
Yet evermore content !  
O true peculiar vision  
Of God cunctipotent !  
Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim :  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious !  
The glory of the Elect !  
O dear and future vision  
That eager hearts expect :  
Even now by faith I see thee :  
Even here thy walls discern :  
To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
And strive and pant and yearn  
Jerusalem the onely,  
That look'st from heaven below  
In thee is all my glory ;  
In me is all my woe :  
And though my body may not,  
My spirit seeks thee fain,  
Till flesh and earth return me  
To earth and flesh again.  
O none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise :  
O none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device :  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart .  
And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.  
New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.

Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord !  
And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelvefold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :  
The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr-glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.  
And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state ;  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow !  
O state that fears no strife !  
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !  
O realm and home of life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore !  
I ask not for my merit :  
I seek not to deny

My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I :  
But yet with Faith I venture  
And Hope upon my way ;  
For those perennial guerdons  
I labour night and day.  
The Best and Dearest FATHER  
Who made me and Who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement laved :  
When in His strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap,  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep :  
And grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon !  
O lovelier far than gold !  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold :  
O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever see thy face ?  
O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace ?

I *have* the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless !  
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The LORD shall be thy part :  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !  
Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The LORD shall be thy part :  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

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## IV.

## THE HYMN OF PETER DAMIANI.

[ELEVENTH CENTURY.]

AD perennis vitae fontem mens sitivit avida,  
Claustra carnis praesto frangi clausa quaerit anima :  
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur, exul frui patriâ.

Dum pressuris ac aerumnis se gemit obnoxiam,  
Quam amisit, dum deliquit, contemplatur gloriam ;  
Praesens malum auget boni perditionem.

Nam quis promat summae pacis quanta sit lætitia,  
Ubi vivis margaritis surgunt aedificia,  
Auro celsa micant tecta, radiant triclinia !

Solis gemmis pretiosis hæc structura nectitur,  
Auro mundo tanquam vitro urbis via sternitur ;  
Abest limus, deest fimus, lues nulla cernitur.

Hiems horrens, aestas torrens illic nunquam saeviunt ;  
Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum,  
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum.

Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt ;  
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum ;  
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices, sol, vel cursus siderum ;  
Agnus est felicis urbis lumen inocciduum,  
Nox et tempus desunt ei, diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut sol praeclarus rutilant,  
Post triumphum coronati mutue conjubilant,  
Et prostrati pugnas hostis iam securi numerant.

Omni labe defæcati carnis bella nesciunt,  
Caro facta spiritalis et mens unum sentiunt,  
Pace multâ perfruentes scandalum non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti repetunt originem,  
Et praesentem veritatis contemplantur speciem,  
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper idem existendi capiunt,  
Clari, vividi, jucundi nullis patent casibus :  
Absunt morbi semper sanis, senectus juvenibus.

Hinc perenne tenent esse, nam transire transiit ;  
Inde virent, vigent, florent : corruptela corruiit,  
Immortalitatis vigor mortis ius absorbuit.

Qui scientum cuncta sciunt, quid nescire nequeunt  
Nam et pectoris arcana penetrant alterutrum,  
Unum volunt, unum nolunt, unitas est mentium.

Licet cuiquam sit diversum pro labore meritum,  
Caritas hoc facit suum quod amat in altero ;  
Proprium sic singulorum fit commune omnium.

Ubi corpus, illic iure congregantur aquilae,  
Quo cum angelis et sanctae recreantur animae,  
Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriae.

Avidi et semper pleni, quod habent desiderant,  
Non satietas fastidit, neque fames cruciat :  
Inhiantes semper edunt et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper melodias vox meloda concrepat,  
Et in jubilum prolata mulcent aures organa,  
Digna per quem sunt victores, Regi dant praeconia.

Felix coeli qui praesentem Regem cernit anima,  
Et sub sede spectat altâ orbis volvi machinam,  
Solem, lunam, et globosa cum planetis sidera.

Christe, palma bellatorum, hoc in municipium  
Introduc me post solutum militare cingulum,  
Fac consortem donativi beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto laboranti proelio,  
Nec quietem post procinctum deneges emerit<sup>us</sup>  
Teque merear potiri sine fine praemio.

## V.

## THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

[A TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN OF PETER DAMIANI, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VOICE OF CHRISTIAN LIFE IN SONG," "THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY," AND OTHER WORKS.]

IN the Fount of life perennial the parch'd heart its  
thirst would slake,  
And the soul, in flesh imprison'd, longs her prison  
walls to break—  
Exile, seeking, sighing, yearning, in her fatherland  
to wake.

When with cares oppress'd and sorrows, only groans  
her grief can tell,  
Then she contemplates the glory which she lost when  
first she fell ;  
Present evil but the memory of the vanish'd good  
can swell.

Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace  
unbroken are,

Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery  
light afar,  
Festive seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the  
evening star !

Wholly of fair stones most precious are those radiant  
structures made,  
With pure gold, like glass transparent, are those  
shining streets inlaid,  
Nothing that defiles can enter, nothing that can soil  
or fade.

Stormy winter, burning summer, rage within those  
regions never,  
But perpetual bloom of roses and unfading spring  
for ever ;  
Lilies gleam, the crocus glows, and dropping balms  
their scents deliver.

Honey pure, and greenest pastures, this the land of  
promise is,  
Liquid odours soft distilling, perfumes breathing on  
the breeze ;  
Fruits immortal cluster always on the leafy fadeless  
trees.

There no moon shines chill and changing, there no  
stars with twinkling ray,  
For the Lamb of that blest city is at once the Sun  
and Day ;  
Night and time are known no longer, day shall never  
fade away.

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun  
at dawn they glow ;  
Crownèd victors after conflict, all their joys together  
flow,  
And secure they count the battles where they fought  
the prostrate foe.

Every stain of flesh is cleansed, every strife is left  
behind,  
Spiritual are their bodies, perfect unity of mind ;  
Dwelling in deep peace for ever, no offence or grief  
they find.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their  
souls they steep—  
Truth by actual vision learning, on its form their  
gaze they keep—  
Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of liv-  
ing waters deep.

Time, with all its alternations, enters not those hosts  
among ;  
Glorious, wakeful, blest, no shade of chance or change  
o'er them is flung ;  
Sickness cannot touch the deathless, nor old age the  
ever young.

There their being is eternal, things that cease have  
ceased to be ;  
All corruption there has perish'd, there they flourish  
strong and free :  
Thus mortality is swallow'd up of life eternally.

Naught from them is hidden, knowing Him to whom  
all things are known,  
All the spirit's deep recesses, sinless, to each other  
shown—  
Unity of will and purpose, heart and mind for ever  
one.

Diverse as their varied labours the rewards to each  
that fall,  
But Love, what she loves in others evermore her own  
doth call ;  
Thus the several joy of each becomes the common  
joy of all.

Where the body is, there ever are the eagles gatherèd,  
For the saints and for the angels one most blessed  
feast is spread —  
Citizens of either country living on the self-same  
bread.

Ever fill'd, and ever seeking, what they have they  
still desire ;  
Hunger there shall fret them never, nor satiety shall  
tire —  
Still enjoying whilst aspiring, in their joy they still  
aspire.

There the new song, new for ever, those melodious  
voices sing,  
Ceaseless streams of fullest music through those  
blessèd regions ring ;  
Crownèd victors ever bringing praises worthy of the  
King !

Blessèd who the King of heaven in His beauty thus  
behold,  
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe  
unfold —  
Sun and moon, and stars and planets, radiant in His  
light unroll'd !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors! of that city  
make me free;

When my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions  
lead Thou me,—

Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy  
gifts to be!

Let Thy soldier, yet contending, still be with Thy  
strength supplied;

Thou wilt not deny the quiet when the arms are laid  
aside;

Make me meet with Thee for ever in that country to  
abide.

## VI.

## THE DESCRIPTION OF HEAVENLY IERUSALEM.

[AN ENGLISH HYMN OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. EVIDENTLY A TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN OF DAMIANI, BEFORE GIVEN.]

My thirsty soul desires her drought  
At heauenly fountaines to refresh ;  
My prysoned minde would fayne be out  
Of chaynes and fetters of the flesh.

She looketh vp vnto the state,  
From whence she downe by sin did slide ;  
She mournes the more the good she lost,  
For present euill she doth abide.

She longs from rough and dangerous seas,  
To harbour in the hauen of blisse ;  
Where safely anchor at her ease,  
And store of sweet contentment is.

From banishment she more and more  
Desires to see her countrey deare ;  
She sits and sends her sighes before,  
Her ioyes and treasures all be there.

From Babilon she would returne,  
Vnto her home and towne of peace,  
Ierusalem, where ioyes abounde,  
Continue still and neuer cease.

There blustering winter neuer blowes,  
Nor sommer's parching heate doth harme;  
It neuer freezeth there, nor snowes;  
The weather's euer temperate warme.

The trees doe blossome, bud, and beare;  
The birds doe euer chirpe and sing;  
The fruit is mellow all the yeare:  
They haue an euerlasting spring.

The pleasant gardens euer keep  
—Their hearbes and flowers fresh and greene;  
All sorts of dainty plants and fruites  
At all times there are to be seene.

The riuer, wine most perfect flowes,  
More pleasant than the honnycombe;  
Vpon whose bankes the sugar growes,  
Enclosed in reedes of sinamon.

Her walles of jasper stones be built,  
Most rich and fayre that euer was;  
Her streetes and houses pau'd and gilt  
With gold more cleare then christall glasse.

Her gates in equall distance be,  
And each a glistering margarite,  
Which commers in farre off may see—  
A gladsome and a glorious sight.

Her sunne doth neuer 'clipse nor cloude ;  
Her moone doth neuer wax nor wane :  
The Lambe with light hath her endued,  
Whose glory pen cannot explaine.

The glorious saintes her dwellers be,  
In numbers more then men can thinke ;  
So many in a company,  
As loue in likenes doth them linke.

The starres in brightnes they surpasse ;  
In swiftnes, arrowes from a bowe ;  
In strength, in firmnes, steele or brasse ;  
In brightnes, fire ; in whitenes, snow.

Theyr cloathing are more softe then silke,  
With girdles gilt of beaten golde ;  
They in their hands, as white as milke,  
Of palme triumphant branches holde.

Theyr faces, shining like the sunne,  
Shoot forth their glorious gladsome beames :  
The field is fought ; the battle won ;  
Their heads be crowned with diademes.

Reward as vertue different is ;  
Distinct their ioyes and happines ;  
But each in ioy of other's blisse,  
Doth as his owne the same possesse.

So each in glory doe abound,  
And all their glories doe excell :  
But where as all to each redound,  
Who can th' exceeding glory tell ?

Triumphant warriors you may heare,  
Recount their daungers which doe cease ;  
And noble citizens euerywhere,  
Their happy gaines of ioy and peace.

The King that heauenly pallace rules,  
Doth beare vpon his golden shield  
A crosse in signe of tryumph, gules,  
Erected in a uerdant field.

His glory such as doth behoue  
Him in his manhood for to take,  
Whose Godhead earth and heauen aboue,  
And all that dwell therein, did make.

Like friends, all partners are in blisse,  
With Christ their Lord and Master deare ,  
Like spouses they the bridegroome kisse,  
Who feasteth them with heauenly cheare ;

With tree of life, and manna sweete,  
Which taste doth such a pleasure bring.  
As none to iudge thereof be meete,  
But they which banquet with the King

With cherubins their wings they mooue,  
And mount in contemplation hye ;  
With seraphins they burne in loue,  
The beames of glory be so nygh.

O sweet aspect ; vision of peace ;  
Happy regard and heauenly sight ;  
O endlesse ioy without surcease ;  
Perpetuall day which hath no night !

O well of weale ; fountaine of life ;  
A spring of euerlasting blisse ;  
Eternal sunne ; resplendant light ;  
And eminent cause of all that is !

Riuer of pleasure ; sea of delight ;  
Garden of glory euer greene ;  
O glorious glasse, and mirrour bright,  
Wherein all truth is clearly seene !

O princely pallace, royall court ;  
Monarchall seate ; emperiall throne !  
Where King of kings, and Soueraigne Lord,  
For euer ruleth all alone :

Where all the glorious saints doe see  
The secrets of the Deity ;  
The Godhead one, in persons three,  
The super-blessed Trinity.

The depth of wisdom most profound,  
All puissant high sublimity ;  
The breadth of loue without all bound,  
In endlesse long eternity.

The heauy earth belowe by kinde  
Alone ascends the mounting fire :  
Be this the centor of my minde,  
And lofty speare of her desire.

The chafed deare doth take the foyle ;  
The tyred hare the thickest and wood :  
Be this the comfort of my toyle,  
My refuge, hope, and soueraigne good.

The merchant cuts the seas for gaine ;  
The soldier scrueeth for renowne ;  
The tyllman plowes the ground for graine ;  
Be this my ioy and lasting crowne.

The faulkner seekes to see a flight ;  
The hunter beates to view the game :  
Long thou, my soule, to see this sight,  
And labour to enjoy the same.

No one's without some one delight,  
Which he endeaours to attaine :  
Seeke thou, my soule, both day and night,  
This one, which euer shall remaine.

This one containes all pleasures true—  
All other pleasures be but vaine :  
Bid thou the rest, my soule, adue,  
And seeke this one alone to gaine.

Go count the grass vpon the ground,  
Or sandes that lye vpon the shore ;  
And when yee haue the number found,  
The ioyes hereof be many more.

More thousand, thousand yeares they last,  
And lodge within the happy mynde ;  
And when so many yeares be past,  
Yet more and more be still behinde.

Farre more they be than we can weene ;  
They doe our iudgment much excell :  
No ear hath heard, or eye hath scene ;  
No pen can write, no tongue can tell.

An angel's tongue cannot recyte  
The endlesse ioy of heauenly blisse ;  
Which, being wholly infinite,  
Beyond all speech and writing is.

We can imagine but a shade ;  
It neuer entred into thought,  
What ioys he hath enioyed, that made  
All ioys, and them that ioy, of nought.

My soule cannot these ioys contayne ;  
Let her, Lord, enter into them,  
For euer with thee to remayne,  
Within thy towne, Ierusalem !

## VII.

## DE GLORIA.

[A FREE TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE HYMN OF PETER DAMIANI, BY MR. WACKERBARTH.]

THERE nor waxing moon nor waning,  
Sun nor stars in courses bright :  
For the Lamb to that glad city  
Shines an everlasting light :  
There the daylight beams for ever,  
All unknown are time and night.

For the Saints, in beauty beaming,  
Shine in light and glory pure :  
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours  
Joy in unison secure :  
And in safety tell their battles  
And their foes' discomfiture.

Freed from every stain of evil,  
All their carnal wars are done :  
For the flesh made spiritual  
And the soul agree in one :  
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment,  
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Here they live in endless being :  
 Passingness has passed away :  
 Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,  
 For decayed is all decay :  
 Lasting energy hath swallowed  
 Darkling death's malignant sway.

Though each one's respective merit  
 Hath its varying palm assigned,  
 Love takes all as his possession,  
 Where his power hath all combined :  
 So that all that each possesses  
 All partake in, unconfined.

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,  
 Unto this Thy City free  
 Lead me, when my warfare's girdle  
 I shall cast away from me :  
 A partaker in Thy bounty  
 With Thy Blessed ones to be.

Grant me vigour, while I labour  
 In the ceaseless battle pressed,  
 That Thou may'st, the conflict over,  
 Grant me everlasting rest :  
 And I may at length inherit  
 Thee my portion ever blest.

## VIII.

A SONG BY F. B. P. TO THE TUNE OF DIANA.

[PUBLISHED BY DR. BONAR FROM MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.]

HIERUSALEM, my happy home !  
When shall I come to thee !  
When shall my sorrowes have an end,  
Thy joyes when shall I see ?

O happie harbour of the saints !  
O sweete and pleasant soyle !  
In thee no sorrow may be found,  
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

In thee noe sicknesse may be scene,  
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore ;  
There is noe death, nor uglie Devill,  
There is life for evermore.

Noe dampish mist is scene in thee,  
Noe colde nor darksome night ;  
There everie soule shines as the sunne,  
There God himselfe gives light.

There lust and lukar cannot dwell,  
There envy bears no sway ;  
There is no hunger, heate, nor colde,  
But pleasure everie way.

Hierusalem ! Hierusalem !  
God grant I soon may see  
Thy endless joyes ; and of the same  
Partaker aye to bee.

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,  
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square ;  
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,  
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles  
With carbuncles doe shine ;  
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,  
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,  
Thy windows crystal cleare,  
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,  
O God ! that I were there.

Within thy gates nothinge doth come  
That is not passinge cleane,  
Noe spider's web, no durt, no dust,  
Noe filthe may there be scene.

Ah ! my sweete home, Hierusalem,  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy ioyes that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,  
They see God face to face ;  
They triumph still, they still reioyce,  
Most happie is their case.

Wee that are heere in banishment,  
Continuallie doe moane ;  
We sigh, and sobbe, we weepe, and weale,  
Perpetuallie we groane.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,  
Our pleasure is but paine ;  
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,  
Our sorrowes still remaine.

But there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
As that to them a thousand yeares  
Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are  
Most beautifull and faire ;  
Full furnished with trees and fruits,  
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes  
Continually are greene ;  
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers  
As no where else are seene.

There is nectar and ambrosia made,  
There is muske and civette sweete ;  
There manie a faire and daintie drugge  
Are trodden under feete.

There cinomon, there sugar grow,  
There narde and balme abound ;  
What tounge can tell, or harte containe,  
The ioyes that there are found.

Quyt through the streetes with silver sound,  
The flood of life doe flowe ;  
Upon whose bankes on everie syde,  
The wood of life doth growe.

There trees for evermore beare fruite,  
And evermore doe springe ;  
There evermore the angels sit,  
And evermore doe singe.

There David stands with harpe in hand,  
As Master of the Queere ;  
Tenne thousand times that man were blest,  
That might this musicke heare.

Our Ladie singes Magnificat,  
With tunes surpassinge sweete ;  
And all the virginns beare their parte,  
Siting above her feete.

Te Deum doth Sant Ambrose singe,  
Saint Augustine doth the like ;  
Ould Simeon and Zacharie  
Have not their songes to seeke.

There Magdalene hath left her mone,  
And cheerfullie doth singe  
With blessed saints, whose harmonie  
In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem ! my happie home !  
Would God I were in thee !  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joyes that I might see !

## IX.

## DIFFERENT VERSIONS.

THE brief versions of the hymn, familiar to all readers from the first line, "Jerusalem, my happy home," are very numerous. The earliest in this form with which we have met, is ascribed by Dr. Bonar to "a small work published by the Rev. W. Burkitt (the Expositor), dated 1693." We have a little book, *THE POOR MAN'S HELP AND YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE*, by William Burkitt, M. A., of Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge, late Vicar of Dedham, in Essex, Thirty-second Edition, Albany (N. Y.), 1804, the introduction to which is dated, Dedham, 1693. In this we find the same version, differing in only a few words from that published by Dr. Bonar which we here give :

Jerusalem ! my happy home !

When shall I come to thee !

When shall my labours have an end,

Thy joys when shall I see ?

Thy gates are richly set with pearls,

Most glorious to behold ;

Thy walls are all of precious stone,

Thy streets are paved with gold.

Thy gardens and thy pleasant fruit  
Continually are green ;  
So sweet a sight, by human eye,  
Has never yet been seen.

If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,  
Why must I keep from thence ?  
What folly is 't that makes me loathe  
To die and go from hence.

Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end.

When wilt thou come to me, O Lord !  
O come, my Lord, most dear ;  
Come nearer, nearer, nearer still,  
I'm well when thou art near.

My dear Redeemer is above,  
Him will I go to see ;  
And all my friends in Christ below  
Shall soon come after me.

Jerusalem ! my happy home !  
O how I long for thee,  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When once thy joys I see

We take the following version from PSALMS  
AND HYMNS, AUTHORIZED BY THE GENERAL  
ASSEMBLY, published at Philadelphia, by the  
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION :

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy and peace and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong  
And streets of shining gold ?

O when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end !

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view  
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
    Around my Saviour stand,  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
    Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home  
    My soul still pants for thee :  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
    When I thy joys shall see.

The foregoing version has been in use nearly a century, a single word only being changed. In the last line but one "sorrows" has been sometimes substituted for "labours." The fondness of makers of hymn books for the alteration of good old hymns has led to nearly as many variations on this form of the hymn, as there have been new books. Thus, in the *CHURCH PSALMIST*, published by the *PRESBYTERIAN PUBLICATION COMMITTEE*, Philadelphia, the hymn appears much altered. The fourth stanza is omitted, and three of the others are given as follows :

Oh when thou city of my God  
    Shall I thy courts ascend,—  
Where congregations ne'er break up  
    And Sabbaths never end ?

Why should I shrink at pain or woe  
Or feel, at death, dismay ?  
Jerusalem I soon shall view,  
In realms of endless day.

Redeemed saints and angels there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

In PSALMS AND HYMNS, published by the BOARD OF PUBLICATION OF THE REFORMED DUTCH CHURCH, New York, 1860, the fifth stanza in the foregoing version is omitted, and the third line of the fourth stanza is thus changed :

Blessed seats ! through wild and stormy scenes.

In THE PSALMIST, published by the AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, the first lines of the first and last stanzas are thus :

Jerusalem, my glorious home !

The freedom with which old hymns are revised and changed is well illustrated in the

following version taken from the SABBATH  
HYMN BOOK, a New York publication :

Jerusalem, my happy home :  
Name ever dear to me !  
When shall my labors have an end ?  
In joy, and peace, in thee ?

Oh ! when thou city of my God  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where evermore the angels sing,  
Where Sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bowers, than Eden's, bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view  
And realms of endless day.

Jerusalem, my glorious home !  
My soul still pants for thee :  
Then shall my labors have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

IN HYMNS FOR THE USE OF THE METHODIST

EPISCOPAL CHURCH, *Revised Edition*, edited by a Committee, New York, 1849, only five stanzas of the hymn appear.

In the PLYMOUTH COLLECTION, New York, 1856, are adopted the readings, *Jerusalem, my glorious home*, in the first and last stanzas ; and the third stanza is omitted.

In "CHRISTIAN PSALMODY, a Collection of above nine hundred Hymns, etc.," by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Rector of Watton, Herts ; London, no date, the hymn appears as follows :

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end ?  
Thy joys when shall I see ?

When shall these eyes thy glorious walls,  
And gates of pearl behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of purest gold ?

Oh ! when, thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbath's never end ?

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

Jesus, my Saviour, dwells therein,  
In glorious majesty ;  
And Him, through ev'ry stormy scene,  
I onward press to see.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand,  
And all I love in Christ below  
Shall join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for Thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When once thy joys I see.

It is unnecessary to go on with these illustrations. And since the oldest version in common use was itself only an alteration of some lines of the original hymn, " Oh Mother dear, Jerusalem," it may with much force be pleaded that any compiler of a hymn book has equal right to

change that version. It is in truth only a matter of taste, and all these versions are but weak substitutes for the triumphant chaunt of the original hymn.











